

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

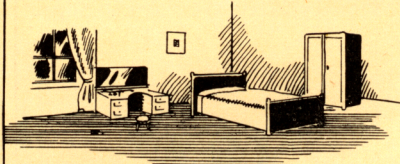
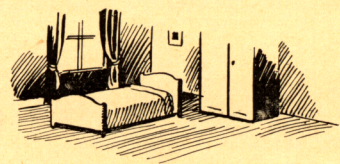

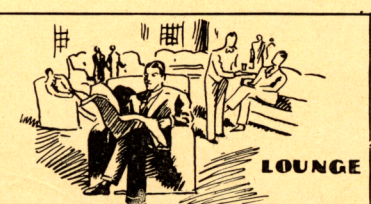
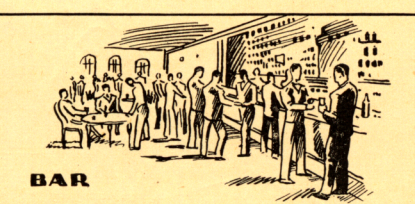
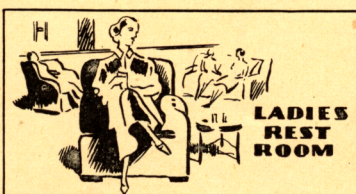
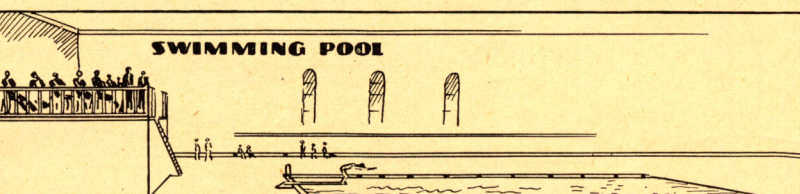
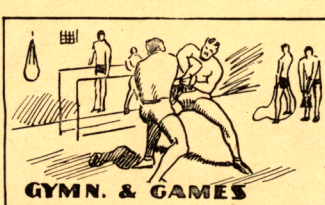
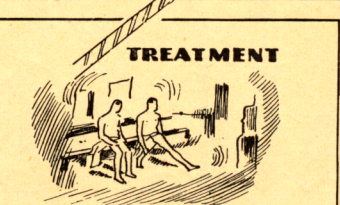

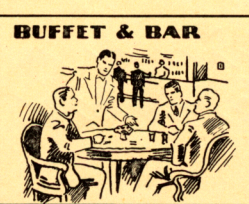
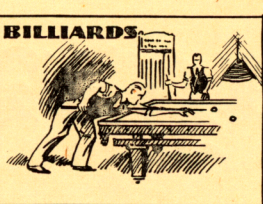
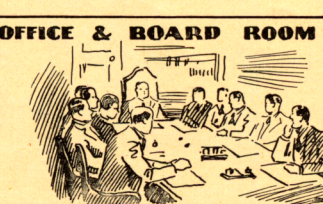

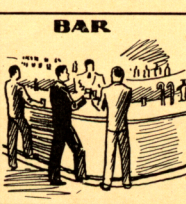



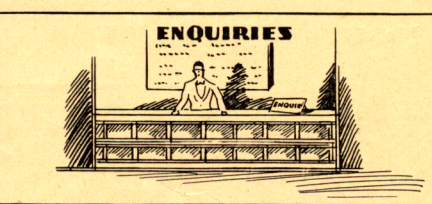


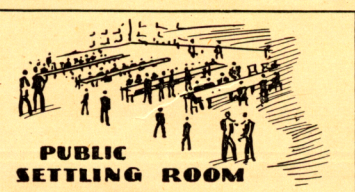
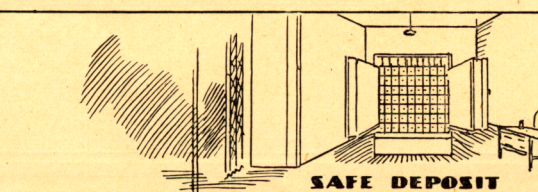
*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 11. 1st January, 1942





## ACTIVITIES OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 <b>BEDROOMS</b> 			FLOOR 5	
 <b>DINING ROOM</b>	 <b>LOUNGE</b>	 <b>BAR</b>	FLOOR 4	
 <b>LADIES REST ROOM</b>	 <b>SWIMMING POOL</b>		FLOOR 3 me 33.	
 <b>GYMN. &amp; GAMES</b>	 <b>TREATMENT</b>			FLOOR 3
 <b>CARD ROOMS</b>	 <b>BUFFET &amp; BAR</b>	 <b>BILLIARDS</b>	 <b>OFFICE &amp; BOARD ROOM</b>	FLOOR 2
 <b>CLUB ROOM</b>	 <b>BAR</b>	 <b>BARBER</b>	 <b>GROCERIES</b> TELE- PHONES TACO RICE TEA SUGAR	FLOOR 1
 <b>CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE</b>	 <b>ENQUIRIES</b>	 <b>ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE</b>		GROUND FLOOR
 <b>STORE ROOMS</b>	 <b>PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM</b>	 <b>SAFE DEPOSIT</b>		BASE- MENT



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*



Vol. 14. No. 11

1st January, 1942

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL



*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON



*Committee:*

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD



*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.



# The Club Man's Diary

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Mr. P. Kearns; 8th, Mr. F. G. Spurway; 9th, Mr. R. A. Sharpe; 10th, Mr. J. A. Chew; 11th, Col. T. L. F. Rutledge; 14th, Mr. E. D. Clark; 16th, Mr. A. C. W. Hill; 17th, Mr. Geo. Dunwoodie; 20th, Mr. W. T. Ridge, Mr. C. V. Dunlop; 21st, Mr. C. F. Viner-Hall; 23rd, Mr. A. K. Quist; 26th, Mr. A. C. Ingham; 27th, Mr. N. Stirling, Mr. H. T. Matthews; 28th, Mr. Leon Vandenburg; 30th, Mr. R. H. Alderson.

\* \* \*

WELCOMING at a cocktail party in the club on December 22 members who had been elected within the past quarter, and introducing them formally to members in general, the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) made feeling reference to the absent ones—those who had answered the call of country.

He submitted a silent toast to their memory, the first reverential thought of the living.

Mr. Hill gave also a toast to those of the club's members who had been wounded and physically hurt otherwise, and to those serving still in the cause of their Empire.

Addressing the new members the Chairman added: "We desire that you always feel at home in the club and that you regard yourself as part of the organisation."

Members recalled, as the Chairman spoke of those who served, that since the outset of the war his daughter, Nell, and his son, Pete, have been abroad with the fighting forces, and that his brother, Ralph, has been there, too.

The Chairman's service to the national cause in his official capacity here, and in other activities, strikes a high note in duty, and gives us a lead.

\* \* \*

The Secretary has handed me a note from Revd. George Cowie, minister of Fullerton Memorial Presbyterian Church, and one of God's good men. He accepted an invitation to attend the cocktail party of welcome to new members, and wrote: "I think

it an excellent idea. I feel that it is the right spirit, and it is no wonder to me that Tattersall's Club is the success that it is in this city."

Revd. George Cowie has consecrated his life to the uplift of the weak and the succor of the poor; for he hath the charity of which St. Paul spoke, the charity in his heart—"without which it profiteth me nothing."

\* \* \*

Serving aboard H.M.A.S. Sydney were club members in Paymaster-Commander Thomas Francis Maynard, and Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander Francis Genge, a son of Mr. Alf Genge.

Of the whole ship's company we may be assured that nothing was greater than their gallantry. The human element still plays a predominant part in modern mechanised war. As a young Briton put it:

*"Courage matters more than cartridges, daring than dynamite, enterprise than education, and guts than guns."*

\* \* \*

In the crucial hours that may come let us remember this passage from the Good Book:

*"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage . . . that thou mayst prosper whithersoever thou goest . . . be not afraid, neither be thou discouraged, for the Lord God is with thee."*

\* \* \*

The father of a member of this club on service abroad with the R.A.A.F. phoned the Secretary (Mr. Manning) in recent days and told of a laconic cablegram received from the young airman. It read: "Had a swim, been in hospital, now on leave."

The key to the cable is in remembering that members of the R.A.A.F. took part in heavy raids on Germany within the past two months, and flew across the North Sea to and from their objectives.

\* \* \*

Randal Berry's company had a tonic effect, for he had a way of stim-

ulating everybody with his buoyant spirit. The pity is that, in passing last month, he took with him the prescription as part of his personality. Gladly would Randal have willed it us, if he could, for he was generous beyond measure.

By training and instinct he was on a plane above pettiness. He acted uprightly. The carefreeism that seemed to characterise his attitude toward the world masked a serious motive and a deep sense of duty. He was a soldier of World War I., and, past his heyday when the second upheaval arrived, he bucked in to raise funds—and how! Remember the coster role and the donkey?

What some call "death" is no more than deepening slumber over a mysterious stage of the journey. Randal Berry will in due course awaken again, with the sun in his eyes.

\* \* \*

Fine old sportsman Bob Price pays us a welcome visit whenever he comes down from Jervis Bay. In other years he was president of Tattersall's Club, Newcastle. He is doing his bit to aid the war effort within the limited scope of Jervis Bay. His patriotic zeal in the previous war assisted toward raising, in all, £36,000.

\* \* \*

Note from New Zealand:

One of the best of the Ellerslie yearlings of interest to Australians is Nizam, a full brother to High Caste, by Bulandshar from The Begum. Nizam is not like his famous relative either in colour or conformation, and physically he is not nearly as good a specimen at the same age as High Caste, who has always been uncommonly good looking, and one of exceptional physique.

However, although Nizam does not measure up to High Caste, an exceptional horse in many ways, in physique he is none the less a good type. Nizam is a brown with a good rein and ample length, and he is lathy in contrast to the very robust High Caste.



## ON CARRINGTON DAY.

My opinion of the track watering on Carrington Stakes day may be very simply expressed: Would to heaven I had been on the spot at the time, my shirt off, my tongue out, taking the full issue.

Where was the thunderstorm that threatened, and in anticipation of which I had come equipped with umbrella rolled a la Chamberlain, alike George Rowe?

Where was that mysterious wind which, to quote a pretty miss in one of the smokes stalls, "springs up somehow from nowhere."

Just where Harald Baker's tropical suits—the whole six of them—were: at home.

Square dinkum, I went off The Miller to back another horse because someone guaranteed it would come home like the wind.

At one stage Greg Keighery and I plotted a means of calling the fire brigade, just for the joy of fondling the hose.

Never since Tennyson—and I don't mean the one in the race book—had there been so much moaning at the bar (the misquotation may be forgiven, in the circumstances).

Frank Carberry was congratulating himself to sundry members steaming like kettles that he had saved up his assam silk since the previous December meeting of the club.

As for John Hickey—his brow was wet with honest sweat.

Just for the joy of turning on the shower at that moment John confessed that he would pay a big price. "I'd even pay excess water rates without grumbling," he added.

\* \* \*

Drought or no drought, heat wave or no heat wave, the flower that Tom Prescott wore beguiled us into belief of Spring perennial.

I made cuff notes of people coolly garbed as they passed: Dr. Sheldon, Ted Thorne, W. C. Douglass, Archer Whitford, John Roles. There were others who, like J. M. Forsyth, shed waistcoats. Panamas, such as the Chairman wore, were more in evidence than usual. Still others stewed in heavy suits, waistcoats and starched collars.

Oldest man in the official stand was Mr. Vanstone, who told me that he had "passed the 90 mark." He reck-

oned Carbine the greatest horse ever to have raced in Australia, and went on to speak of the great sportsmen and great horses of the Carbine era, as if recounting a chronicle of yesterday.

He recalled the day that Carbine was saddled twice at Randwick.



Mr. E. F. Smith's br. b. "The Miller," Winner of the Carrington Stakes, 1941.

After being beaten in the mile narrowly by Marvel, Carbine defeated the champions at 1½ mile. Here's a bit of history from Mr. Vanstone:

"After the mile race, I strolled across to Carbine's box with his owner, Donald Wallace, and heard the farrier say: 'It was my fault, Mr. Wallace. The way I shod Old Jack (Carbine's stable name) led him to slip. He couldn't stretch out. I'll put it right for the longer race.'"

"Will you wait for the last race in view of the rush for trams," I asked the veteran.

"Of course," he replied. Then: "Why not?"

Ninety years old and getting home on his own! I felt a little soft in making the admission that the crowd that rushed out after the Denman Handicap would be lacking the momentum of one—your humble servant. By the time the last punter had collected I was hosed down at Bellevue Hill.

Do you recall Lord Denman? He liked to break away from his entourage at Randwick, stroll incognito among the milling mob in the ring and take a look at the horses. He was a small man, and loved (like Bobs in the Kipling poem), to ride the highest horse he could step over with the aid of a ladder.

Polo was another grand passion of Lord Denman. He played, not with great skill, but with fine courage and tremendous enthusiasm. As a

newspaper man, I saw a great deal of him, and liked him immensely. Good that his name has been perpetuated at Randwick and on polo fields.

\* \* \*

What a nice-looking fellow is Yarella. Handsome is as handsome does. Still, expressing simply the view of a mere racegoer without claim to special knowledge, I believe the colt ran a great race in that company, with that pace on—a three-year-old hump- ing 9 st.!

(Continued on Page 4.)



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

No sooner had I put foot on the course than I heard the sirens shrieking: Soho. Pity I hadn't heard the radio calling: Pall Mall.

By way of giving emphasis to his seasonal greetings, Sir Sydney Snow suggested Grand Joy for the High-weight. It seemed that all was going well until the announcer mentioned Grand Joy's failure to get through on the rails. Usually when that happens you may set about noting the starters and riders for the next.

Again I was shocked by the uninspired naming of many of the nags. Those responsible (or irresponsible) could have done considerably better by having picked 'em out of a hat.

Shining example of enterprise was Sales Girl (Veilmond—All Gab), owned by a woman and evidently—with rare sense of appropriateness—named by a woman.

\* \* \*

I was attracted by a chestnut colt being led in, and referred to my race book to find it was Valoroi (Peter Pan—Neon), owned by D. U. Seaton. As he owned that great horse Wolaroi, maybe the colt's name arose out of a happy memory.

Linked with that recollection is Desert Gold's death recently in N.Z. at the ripe age of 29 years. In that famous finish at Randwick when Cetigne, Wolaroi, Estland and Desert Gold crossed the line almost together, it was one of the rare occasions in which the N.Z. mare had ran unplaced.

Sitting beside me at luncheon, John O'Dea mentioned that he had to be careful of what he ate. He was on a diet, he said. Then he proceeded to help himself to pickles!

Perhaps John's stomach is of stouter stuff than mine. His chart may compromise as between total abstinence and reasonable indulgence. In which case the fleshpots and the picklepots would not be exorcised.

The Secretary suggested (without prejudice to the club's menus) that the only difference as between a man on a diet and a man not on a diet

was that the man on the diet ate what he durned well pleased.

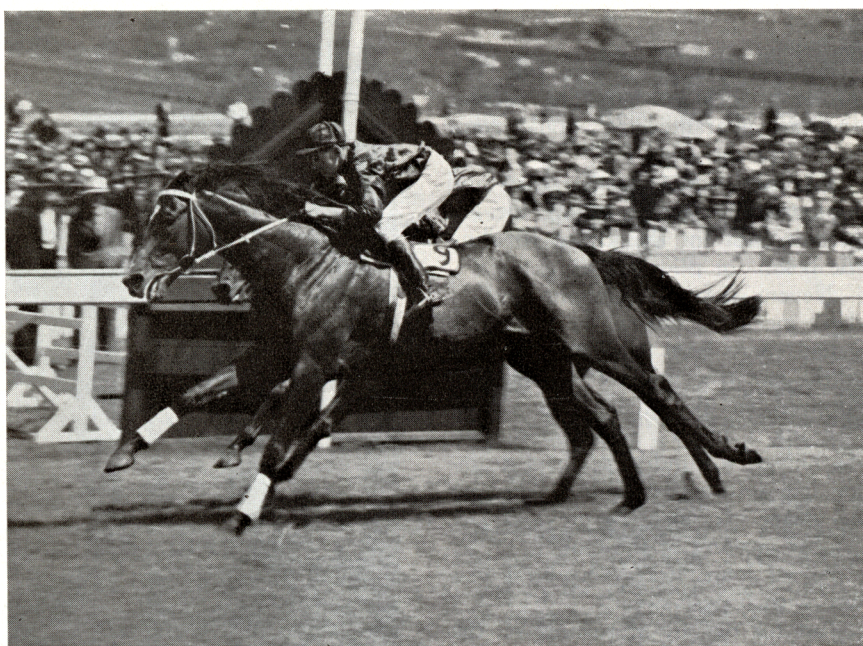
\* \* \*

There is a spirit among racing men finer than that which springs from the satisfaction of having backed a winner profitably. Good that it should be so. We saw that spirit manifested when The Miller landed The Carrington. Even losers were sincere in their congratulations for the breeder, owner and trainer, Eric

Also, yo-ho. Several sailors celebrated in bumpers the win of Sir Samuel Hordern's colt.

Johnny Ruthven paused on his way to collect a profitable double. "Nothing like the kick I got out of raking in my win on Wishing of the big dividend," he confided. How had he come to do it? It was all so simple, as Johnny explained. The old story of a losing day and a plunge on something picked out of the hat.

He passed on Wishing as "a really good thing" to one of a well-



Mr. F. Christey's b. b. "Dewar," Winning Tattersall's Club Cup, 1st January, 1942.

Smith. Himself no more than a modest bettor, he is happy when his many friends have a good win. After the race, they recalled that the great old Donald had raced in his colors. Some predicted: "The Miller looks like being just as popular."

Eric Smith's property is Fullerton Cove, between Stockton and Raymond Terrace. It has been owned by his family for the past 100 years. A private track is one of its attractions.

\* \* \*

At the luncheon on Cup day, Jimmy Woodridge told a story of the Digger who had returned unexpectedly on leave, and greeted his father at the door: "Soho, mon pere!"

known sporting family, and a member of this club, who duly backed the outsider.

"And what do you think?" Mr. Ruthven went on. "After the race I said to this fellow, just casually, 'That was a great piece of tipping on my part.' He looked at me in a puzzled way and asked 'What tip?' I put in, 'Wishing, of course. Surely you were on the good thing?' He answered, 'I was well on it, but I forget now who gave me the oil. I'm sure it wasn't you, however.'"

It was before the big race that I had a drink with Bill Relton who by then had backed two winners. He



humored me about my preference for Spearvale in the Cup and pointed to Dewar in my book.

Yarrowonga was yawning in his stall. "He's feeling the loss of that hour's sleep," a woman commented. "How do they think of these bright things?" a mere man said to another mere man, who answered: "You never know what a woman's thinking about."

Maybe not at the beginning. But if you wait a while you're sure to know—straight from the woman's mouth.

Takarangi would have meant a win for me, but one couldn't possibly be depressed within hearing of Bill Crother's verdict: "A great race on the part of the winner, in particular." Do we go to the races to enjoy the racing or to see win the horses we back to win? Probably a race run, and won, excitingly, like the Juvenile Stakes compensates for a good deal. Still, it's always a terrible feeling to see your "good thing" laboring in the rear.

The tragic death of the ex-All Black, Jack Steel, recalls his brilliant try in the first test against the Springbok team in 1921. The match was played at the Carisbrook ground, Dunedin. With the scores level about half way through the second spell play was on the grandstand wing well inside the half-way line in All Black territory. The ball went out to Mark Nicholls, who, hemmed in, kicked wide toward Steel. Darting to meet the ball the West Coast man took it high upon his shoulder, and after throwing off a Springbok who sought

to tackle him, set out along the wing. Meyer gave chase and kept pace with Steel, who kept out of reach—a thrilling race which brought the crowd to its feet cheering madly. Thus the Africans' line was crossed and Meyer giving up the chase, Steel touched down behind the posts. How he retained possession of the ball held aloft so precariously was a miracle.

\* \* \*

An early impression of Winston Churchill when he was a subaltern in the 4th Hussars:

A rather tempestuous youth with a ready tongue that was much given to laying down the law. Soldiers smiled at him, and said that he had been spoiled by the colonel of his regiment, who had given him more rope than was good for a subaltern. Perhaps his colonel was wiser than his generation, for no one else saw in this over-energetic youth the future great Minister of State.

\* \* \*

We tender congratulations and good wishes to Mr. F. J. Smith on his election as chairman of Rosehill Racing Club and the Rosehill Racecourse Coy. in succession to the late Mr. Theo Marks. Similar sentiments are expressed to Mr. H. R. Meynink who has been appointed to the committee of the Rosehill Racing Club and to Mr. F. W. Duesbury, who has been appointed a director of the Rosehill Racecourse Coy.

\* \* \*

Charles H. Field—the redoubtable "Chilla" of the dominoes fraternity—died suddenly on December 30. I never played with, or against, "Chilla," but many a time and oft I had seen him in action (and heard

him in action) when the pace was on. Always keen, and sometimes combustible, "Chilla" was in all circumstances a sportsman. None will regret his passing more than his old opponents, those who knew him best and, therefore, understood him best. He had a fine sense of humor, and enjoyed immensely a skit in this diary purporting to be a description of the Grand Final between him and Joe Hartland. When they draw in their chairs and cut for deal in the land beyond, "Chilla" will be happy in the companionship of others we remember affectionately.

He had been a member of this club since 1931.

\* \* \*

A. P. Wade was known Australia-wide and overseas as proprietor of Borambola Park stud, near Wagga. Since his passing the fact of his having parted with Night Raid, sire of Phar Lap, has made the headlines. But that didn't fret A. P. Wade greatly in life. Like most racing men, he gave the incident its due importance as a stroke of fortune in a sport marked by many queer throws of chance. Since 1929 he had been a member of this club, and all who had the pleasure of his friendship will long remember him.

\* \* \*

Hats off to Lieut.-Colonel (Dr.) J. C. Belisario, who was awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year Birthday Honors. This distinguished physician and officer has brought honor to Australia and to our city of Sydney in particular. He was appointed in July, 1940 to take charge of a casualty clearing station, and went through the ordeal of Greece.

## TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS

*Exclusive English Suit Lengths*

# SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET. Phone MA 3851

(near King Street)

● Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.



## The Right Choice!

Choosing the right Company for your insurance programme is as important as choosing the programme itself. The Prudential, as an Empire-wide Institution with assets exceeding £364,000,000 Sterling, not only offers absolute security for all your insurance investments, but also has a staff of experts ready to help you plan and execute a sound, complete insurance programme. Choose wisely. Choose—

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN  
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

THE *Prudential*  
ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED  
(Incorporated in England)

Head Office for Australia and New Zealand:  
Prudential Building, Martin Place, Sydney.

LIFE • FIRE • ACCIDENT • MARINE INSURANCE

## A WISE INVESTMENT OF TRUST FUNDS

THE investment of Trust Funds calls for wisdom born of long experience in a wide field. Be well advised! Building up your Estate has been slow work; ensure that after you are gone it will be wisely administered, and any necessary re-investment soundly made. This can be effected by appointing Perpetual Trustee Company Limited Executor of your Will. Your inquiry is invited. A personal interview would be better, but write if you prefer.

### Perpetual Trustee Company Limited

#### DIRECTORS:

T. H. Kelly (Chairman), Brig. the Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C.,  
E. R. Knox, H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis,  
J. P. Abbott, M.H.R.

H. V. Douglass, Managing Director. P. Cureton, Manager.  
Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for  
Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed  
£58,000,000.

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Established 1919.

Telephone : B 5142.

## K. S. Williams

### REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEER & AGENT

YORKSHIRE HOUSE  
14 SPRING STREET  
SYDNEY

Sales - Auctions - Valuations

Personal Attention to Property  
Management

## For Reliable Service

*The N.S.W*  
**FRESH FOOD  
& ICE CO LTD**  
**25 HARBOUR ST**  
**SYDNEY**  
*Telephone M2981*



Milk  
Cream  
Butter  
Ice  
Fish  
Poultry



## Billiards for Health, Body and Mind

We start the new year with our country in serious trouble and worries, generally, all around us. No doubt we "can take it" as has been proved in the past, but, at such times, recreation is of paramount importance, and, under the circumstances, no form of recreation is superior to billiards. Our English cousins have taught us that and the game was never so much played in England as it is to-day. In Australia tables are finding their way into all our military camps while at the Anzac buffet in Hyde Park no less than three have been erected.

In a recent issue I gave details of how billiards is now being prescribed by military doctors in England as a cure for certain injuries where muscle re-education is necessary. The idea is not at all new. History records that Louis XIV. was ordered by his physicians to play billiards or die. He elected billiards and lived for 50 years! It is possible that the cure referred to induced Sir Astley Cooper, world famous surgeon, to recommend an hour or two at the billiard table before retiring. He said it provoked sound sleeping and better health. It is not suggested that billiards should be overdone or that members should emulate the first recorded player, a Mr. Andrews, who, in the "Sporting Magazine" of 1796 is described as follows:

"His face was a perfect vacuum with respect to every possible idea

except billiards. So infatuated was he in pursuing the game that he sacrificed days and nights for weeks and months—even years, for billiards. He ate, drank, slept, walked, and talked to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was tea, toast, and butter, for breakfast, dinner, and tea. By this frugal method of living he was under no necessity to leave the billiard-table, but took his meals between the breaks."

No! It is not suggested members follow Mr. Andrews, but it is suggested that a couple of hundred up, per day, could be played with distinct advantage, by executives who require some method whereby their minds can be taken completely off routine work for a period.

Billiards has made tremendous progress from the days of the old-time champions and amateurs of the Kingsley Kennerley (England) and Bobby Marshall (Australia) class would have surpassed, with present skill, the best professionals of 30 years back. As against that, the professional side, in the intervening years, has progressed beyond bounds. There is no sport in which the margin between skill of amateurs and professionals is so wide. Since the days of John Roberts, it is suggested that amateurs have improved their game 50 per cent. and the professionals over 100 per cent.

Most astounding thing about billiards is that whilst it is regarded—

even acknowledged—as the most scientific of games, its origin is unknown. Italy, Spain, France, Germany and England have all been named, at one time or another, but Cotton in the "Compleat Gamester" published in 1674, fails to give the first exploiter. The game was, however, firmly established, for Cotton described it as "the most gentle, cleanly, and ingenious game which was first played in Italy." Later in the same book, he gave the credit to Spain. One interesting item we get from Cotton is that in those days the game was 5 up in daylight and 3 up in candlelight. Evidently there were no cannons and hazards counted as one. The table, naturally, was of different measurement to our own, but it had six pockets and was of same design. Cotton was the first billiards writer of note, but the game was well known before his time. Shakespeare mentioned it and although nobody takes him seriously in placing Cleopatra as first woman billiards player, he knew sufficient about the game to realise that physical fitness is essential to be seen at one's best with the cue. His billiard erudition goes to the extent of making Charmain decline the invitation, on the pretext that "her arm was sore."

Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have expressed great grief at parting with her billiards table in 1576.

Verily, we cueists are in good company when we address the cue-ball for the break-up. Let there be much more of it, to personal advantage, during 1942.



### FISHING TACKLE SPECIALISTS ... We Can Supply Your Needs

As practical anglers, holding complete stocks of all fishing tackle, we can supply everything needed. Our high reputation for quality is your guarantee of good value. We invite your inspection, and gladly offer useful expert advice.

**CRAIG & AITKEN**

654 George Street, Sydney.

(Near Anthony Hordern's)





# FOR QUALITY MEAT



# HENRY WOOLFE



*Two Famous Meat Stores*

650 GEORGE STREET

===== Brickfield Hill =====

130 PITT STREET

===== Nearly Opposite General Post Office =====



# THAT BOOK "ULYSSES"!

(By E. J. Gravestock)

On one of my periodical tours through New Zealand, some fifteen years ago, a literary-minded friend who lived in Auckland, lent me as a great treat, his copy of "Ulysses" by James Joyce, which he had, at some expense, imported from England. "Ulysses" was Greek to me, but he assured me that it was the rage of Europe, right off the ice, as it were. If I had known then, what I knew after dipping into "Ulysses," I should have told my friend to put it right back into cold storage. However, I was duly impressed by the size and weight of "Ulysses." It was large in size, and heavy in weight, having about 900 pages. Glancing through it I noticed that it must have been printed by a firm that had run short of punctuation marks, because I couldn't see any commas, colons, full stops, or such like, and I found myself reading it like Cyril Fletcher's "Coronation Decorator." I had struggled through a few chapters, when my friend called me up and asked me how I was getting on with it. "Pretty tough going at present," I said; "You wait old boy, you ain't read nuthin' yet." He was right. Was my face red when I got to the meaty bits. I stuck it as long as I could, but had to give up eventually. My weak brain was unable to appreciate Jimmy Joyce's literature, and I handed back his masterpiece to my friend with the remark: "When my brain gets stronger, and I have a month's holiday, I'll have another go at it, and in the meantime I would suggest you keep it in the refrigerator."

Later, I got to thinking about "Ulysses," wondered how it came to be published; what prompted Joyce to write it; was it worthwhile; did it really mean anything; and it was only the other day that I learnt the inside story of "Ulysses."

Browsing through Sisley Huddleston's highly informative and entertaining book "Bohemian, Literary, and Social life in Paris," I came across the answer to all these questions.

What Mr. Huddleston did not know about Paris of his day, was not worth knowing. He was Paris correspondent of the London "Times," met everybody, knew the Gay City intimately, especially that part of Paris known as the Latin quarter. He tells how a young American girl drifted into the haunts of novelists, painters, and the Bohemian set, near the Seine, and set up a little book shop under the name of "Shakespeare & Co.," selling only artistic and "worthwhile" English and American books, which cost real money. To everyone's astonishment she made a success of it. People who lived in the Latin quarter were used to paying a few francs for the best Continental literature, and Sylvia's stock was way above their means, but connoisseurs from all over France, and travellers from abroad quickly heard of her shop, and it became the fashion to patronise it. "Shakespeare & Co." became the mecca of the novelists, amongst whom was James Joyce. He told Sylvia Beach of the book he had been writing for seven years, and after each visit the young bookseller became more and more interested in the book. The orthodox publishers would have nothing to do with it, so Sylvia Beach declared her intention of publishing it. The author protested that it was impossible, she would lose money, but Miss Beach declared that the book was a masterpiece, and come what may, it had to appear. Joyce was overwhelmed with confusion. He was a modest, shrinking man who had endured many tribulations. For years in Italy and Switzerland this Irish exile had, whilst struggling to earn a livelihood, set down, without respite, without hope, impelled only by his artistic conscience, the pages that were to make up "Ulysses."

The next job was to get it printed. It was in the days following the first great war, when it was difficult to get an ordinary English book printed in France, so those who have seen "Ulysses" will appreciate the task set the French compositors. This task was not improved by Joyce's endless alterations, and the first impressions were crammed with errors.

The first edition of a thousand copies hung fire. Sisley Huddleston tells how he wrote to J. L. Garvin, the editor of the London "Observer" to enlist his sympathies. He told him that although he could not approve of a great many passages—and deplored them—he was unable to resist the conviction that Ulysses was a production of a genius, but that certainly it would be banned on account of these passages. Garvin commissioned Huddleston to review the book for the Sunday "Observer," and this set the flame of controversy that spread through England, America, and beyond the seas. In his review Huddleston wrote that Joyce was a great artist, and that whatever virtue there was in him, whatever value in his work, was there because he would listen to no advice and brook no impertinent discussion. Nobody was entitled to dictate to him how he should express himself or what he should express. An expurgated edition? Not if his labours were, otherwise, to be entirely lost to the world would he consent to cancel half a line. He would rather that nothing were printed than that all were not printed. His mission as he conceived it, was to depict not merely the fair show of things, but the inner truth; and whether it was dubbed ugly or beautiful, or was heart-raking, inextricable mixture and mystery of ugliness and beauty, had nothing to do with him as an artist.

"It is, of course, absurd to suggest that Joyce had pornographic intentions," wrote Huddleston. "I have come into closer relations with Joyce than with any other man in Paris, and it is almost ludicrous to be obliged to protest that he is sincere. We must take his work for what it is. It requires high culture to appreciate its comic and sublime contrasts, its exposure of the irrelevance and the irreverence of mankind before the great facts. Gross animality and subtle spirituality intermingle. Blasphemy and beauty, poetry and piggishness, jostle each other, but, as I said in my review, one becomes tired of beastliness always breaking in. I asserted that the vulgarity of

(Continued on Page 16.)



*Distinctive  
New Styles FROM  
ENGLAND*



*By Appointment.*

There's unmistakable character in these English Woodrow Hats. Even after many months of hard wear in all weathers you'll still be proud of your Woodrow. From the dress-conscious young man to the governing director there's a Woodrow style and colouring that presents the best hat-buying value obtainable.

# Woodrow Hats

ALL FIRST-CLASS HATTERS AND STORES

No. 1 Quality :  
Unlined, 40/6 — Lined, 43/-.

Super-Suede Quality :  
Unlined, 55/- — Lined, 57/6.

Telephone :  
MX 1447 (4 lines)

*The*

## "HARBOUR"

Newspaper and Publishing Co. Ltd.

Specialising in the  
production of  
MAGAZINES  
TRADE JOURNALS  
CATALOGUES  
NEWSPAPERS  
& GENERAL  
STATIONERY

120-124 Chalmers St., Sydney

## City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.



Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Household's Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED  
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.



# SAM BROWNE—HIS BELT

There was a British Officer named Sam Browne and he invented the belt which to-day even Adolph Hitler wears

(By Sam. T. Williamson)

For decorative snootiness the Sam Browne Belt once ranked with a woman's lorgnette, a man's monocle, a clipped French poodle, or one of those closed town cars in which the chauffeur sits out in the rain. It is merely two pieces of cowhide—a wide belt, with a narrower strap running diagonally across a soldierly chest and over a shoulder—but it gives zip to a uniform and an armour of pride to its wearer.

With brass rings and buckle nicely shined and a reflective polish to its leather, the Sam Browne belt is worn by commissioned officers of the U.S.A. Army and Marine Corps to distinguish them from enlisted men. It is also worn by motorcycle cops, drum-majorettes, apartment house doormen, State police, orphan asylum bugle bands, head movie ushers, vendors of bottled pop in ball parks, expensive florists' delivery boys, and in New York by sea-blue-uniformed blondes who disinfect telephone receivers.

When John J. Pershing landed in France two dozen years ago the fact that all Allied officers wore the Sam Browne simplified the saluting problems of the A. E. F. privates and non-coms. There was no need for learning the unfamiliar insignia of British and French officers. When a Yank in France saw one of those doggy-looking shoulder strap belts his right palm stiffened and snapped to his forehead in the regulation United States Army salute—that is, sometimes. But British Tommies and French Poilus ambled by high-ranking Pershing men without so much as a courteous quiver.

By special order the belt became part of the uniform of all A. E. F. officers. After the war it served a slightly more useful purpose than in the A. E. F., for the peacetime Army returned to the sword for ceremonial purposes; and it was for sword-carrying that Sam Browne designed his decorative contraption.

Ask almost any one but a quiz expert who Sam Browne was. Answers, if any, will range from "an old Indian fighter" to "an American officer in the Mexican War." A few Army men with long memories may say that the belt is of British origin, then hem and haw over Sam Browne himself, finally murmur faintly "some military tailor." The usual books of ready reference treat the subject with great gobbets of silence. Public library card catalogues may be searched in vain for listings of "Browne, Sam" or "Belt, Sam Browne." Nor will entries be found under "Sam Brown." Nevertheless, there was a Sam Browne, and he was quite a man.

General Sir Samuel James Browne of Her Majesty's Indian Army had after his name a string of initialled honors as long as your arm, including the "V.C." of the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest decoration for valor. He was so well fortified with the vitamins of abundant energy, that officer comrades in India wrote feelingly of his saddle horses "whose canter was an earthquake and only decent pace a gallop." He was also an engaging personality. The baptismal "Samuel James" was rarely used. Natives all over India referred to him as Sam Brun Sahib, and Englishmen from the Northwest Frontier to Calcutta fondly knew him as Sam Browne.

His name is still a tradition in the Guides, a century-old, rough-and-tumble Indian Army outfit which was the first to wear khaki and whose water carrier, Jumma, was an inspiration of Kipling's Gunga Din. At the home station of The Guides up near the Khyber Pass they will lead you to one of the officers' quarters and point to a bullet hole high in the wall. "Colonel Sam Browne" is the explanation—and preface to a story.

Back in the Eighteen Sixties that room was the officers' mess. After nightfall in those days one never knew when wild men from the hills

would sneak down upon the garrison, cut a few throats and steal off with new-fangled, breech-loading rifles. While they dined ceremoniously in their mess each evening, officers were as alert as squirrels even when the port was circulating. Pistols were within almost as easy reach as wine glasses. Stacked in a corner about three jumps away were the officers' sabres—not for ceremonial use but with sharp cutting edges.

Pathans were not the only occasional invaders; others were equally dangerous. From his place at the head of the table one night Colonel Browne saw a wriggling, rope-like object in a crevice in the corner of the mess-room. Quicker than you can say Sam Browne, the colonel drew his pistol and fired. His bullet nailed the tail of a cobra to the wall.

There were earlier exploits, notably in the autumn of 1858 during the Mutiny, when Browne was a captain in a Bengal regiment and a large force of rebellious Sepoys was behaving nastily about ten miles from Philibhit. With thirty-two of his own sabres and some 350 loyal native infantry, Browne circled his enemy and fell upon their rear. After hand-to-hand fighting with military cutlery the Sepoys fled, leaving four guns and 300 dead. Also on the field and near death lay Captain Sam Browne with two slashes on his leg and the regimental surgeon applying a tourniquet just above a severed left arm. Upon his recovery the Victoria Cross was pinned upon him and he became Colonel of The Guides.

But more vexing than cobras which invaded the regimental mess and stealthy Pathans who carved up his sentries was Colonel Sam's sword, a pesky thing for a two-armed man to handle, to say nothing of an Indian Mutiny hero with but one arm. According to the current military fashion, the scabbard hung from an officer's belt by two sword slings,

(Continued on Page 16.)





## WAGGA WAGGA — *Hub of the Riverina*

**R**OBERT BEST, the first settler in the district, named his holding from the aboriginal words meaning "the sound of crows in flight" and from this came eventually the name "Wagga Wagga."

Robert Best, however, could not claim the privilege of being the first white man in the district, for before him came Oxley in 1817, Hamilton Hume in 1824, and then in 1829 Captain Charles Sturt. The town of Wagga Wagga commenced its official life in 1846 with the erection of a slab and shingle Court House together with police stocks. The stocks, it might be remarked, were used only once when a convivial stranger was deliberately supplied with strong drink for the purpose of giving the stocks a start.

In 1847, a year after Wagga Wagga had been proclaimed a town, the Surveyor-General, Sir Thomas Mitchell, named the streets after his old comrades in arms, veterans of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns. Roads as we know them, did not exist in those days, and the first recorded occasion on which Wagga Wagga was linked directly to Sydney, took place in 1850, when Edward Graham, a settler from Ireland, with his bullock team and dray succeeded in reaching Wagga Wagga from Sydney.

Between the years 1850-1851, the people suffered greatly, for no rain fell during the winter months, and flocks and horses became so poor in condition that they could not travel from their meagre pasture of kangaroo grass to the river for water.

With the coming of good seasons, prosperity returned and 1858 brought a big year in the history of Wagga Wagga, for it saw the arrival of the first steam ship in the river, also the first newspaper was established and Henry Bayliss received his appointment as first Police Magistrate, a position he occupied for nearly 40 years.

In 1870, Wagga Wagga became a municipality, with George Forsyth as the first Mayor and F. A. Thompson as Town Clerk, and thus this Riverina centre entered into its own; schools were gradually opened while civic centres and buildings took shape.

With the opening of the railway in 1878 and two years later the coming of the water supply, the district prospered as a grazing and wheat-growing area; settlers crowded in and the prosperity of the town became assured.

In 1891 Mr. A. Brunskill, of "Bon Accord," secured the Government Prize for the best farm in the Southern District, and the same year saw a record shearing — 2,427,319 sheep from 2,650,000 acres!

In 1892 the Wagga Wagga Experiment Farm was opened with Mr. John Coleman as the first manager, and it was here that genius of wheat culture, William Farrer, did much of his splendid work.

Some years later the Experiment Farm secured the only prize awarded for cider in a National Exhibition held in England.

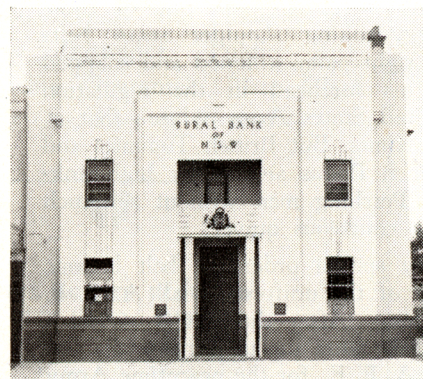
Wine has been made in Wagga Wagga district since 1844 when it was first pressed at Gregadoo by John Dixon.

The official switching on of the electric light service took place on 6th May, 1922, and six years later this service was reticulated from the hydro-electric scheme at Burrinjuck. In 1936 the air liner Memma, piloted by Captain P. J. Patterson, arrived in Wagga Wagga, inaugurating the Sydney-Wagga-Melbourne air mail service.

With wheat, wool, fat lambs, dairying, stud cattle and horses, flour milling and hay, Wagga Wagga stands supreme on the Murrumbidgee—the centre of a vastly rich district. Its base hospital (which cost £12,000 to build), its town hall and court house, its many educational establishments, its churches, radio station, newspapers—in fact, all that helps to make a comfortable and modern design for living—give Wagga Wagga cause for pride.

In 1870 there were 200 residents in the district—to-day there are more than 13,000, indicative of real and solid progress.

From the days of Robert Best, clearing his land with rude home-made implements, making his plough from the gum and "honeysuckle" trees, and improvising his own harrows, has evolved the busy hub of the Riverina—Wagga Wagga—a gem of the South.



*Wagga Wagga Branch.*

*The* **RURAL BANK**  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



# The Brain-power of Hitler's Army

(By Frederick Sondern, Jr.)

*An illuminating article from the Readers Digest. Australians have never been militaristically-minded, and have much to learn in regard to military organisation. Politicians and service officers should read, mark, and inwardly digest this valuable survey of military co-ordination.*

Military experts have found one common denominator to all the spectacular Nazi triumphs. It is the perfect co-ordination of all branches of the war machine. Beginning with the invasion of Poland, through the Battle of France and the recent campaign in the eastern Mediterranean, German air power, infantry, artillery, engineers, mechanised columns — and the navy, when necessary — have clicked with clockwork precision. For along with new machines of war, the Nazi High Command has developed a new kind of soldier to make them work.

Early in 1938 General Halder — chief of the German General Staff — went to Hitler with a revolutionary request. He asked that 30 of his best officers be transferred to the Navy for two years, to study naval tactics at first-hand. High naval and military officers objected violently. But Hitler was impressed with the idea. The officers served on submarines, destroyers, battleships. They commanded "landing parties" of marines, they organised "convoys." They learned what a navy can do and how it can do it.

These 30 men, now key generals of the German army, had previously been sent through most branches of the field forces. In 1935 they were moved in a body into the air corps. They were taught to fly everything from Stukas to the big Junkers transport ships. They studied bombing, tried the landing of air infantry and the provisioning of ground columns from the air—until they were at home in every phase of aerial strategy. They are now nicknamed the "Three Dimensionalists," for they have a general knowledge of the entirely military and naval apparatus which gives each of them

an ability to command equalled by few other officers in the world.

The results of Halder's training in co-ordinating air and ground forces were first apparent in Poland. Whenever a column of infantry or a mechanised force was halted by a strong Polish position, the dive-bombers — summoned by radio — were there within a few minutes to blast a path through enemy pill-boxes, trenches, and anti-tank guns. In Norway, the co-operation of the navy was added.

In the Battle of France, the greatest feats of co-ordination were achieved. Tanks, dive-bombers, engineers, with prefabricated bridges, infantry, highly mobile heavy artillery, and their supply trains moved and countermoved with such precision that General Sir Edmond Ironside remarked, "they seem to be directed by a single brain. But that's impossible."

It is not impossible. Nearly a hundred German staff officers managed the intricate operations, but General von Reichenau ran them all. All through that fateful campaign, there was continuous wrangling among Allied officers. Generals Ironside and Weygand had to wait precious hours while their quarrelling, 'plane, tank, and infantry experts settled elementary questions of what kind of weapons to use where. But General von Reichenau — who knew not only his infantry and artillery, but his tanks and Stukas as well, by personal experience — had the entire German advance at his finger tips and was always ready to make split-second decisions.

When a section of the Allied line in Belgium weakened under an infantry attack, he was able immediately to throw the whole weight of his mechanised and aerial reserves against that soft spot. They broke through, cut the French supply lines, and surrounded the advancing British army which had to retreat disastrously to the shambles at Dunkirk. The same thing happened at Sedan, and the Battle of France was over; won not by mass, but by co-ordination of command and perfect timing.

To absorb such an education as Halder prescribed, a General Staff officer must be a man of exceptional qualifications. But the German system of promotion provide that only men of unusual calibre get to positions of important command; which is not so of any other army. Ability alone is the criterion of advancement; seniority in service is of secondary importance, and political influence of none at all.

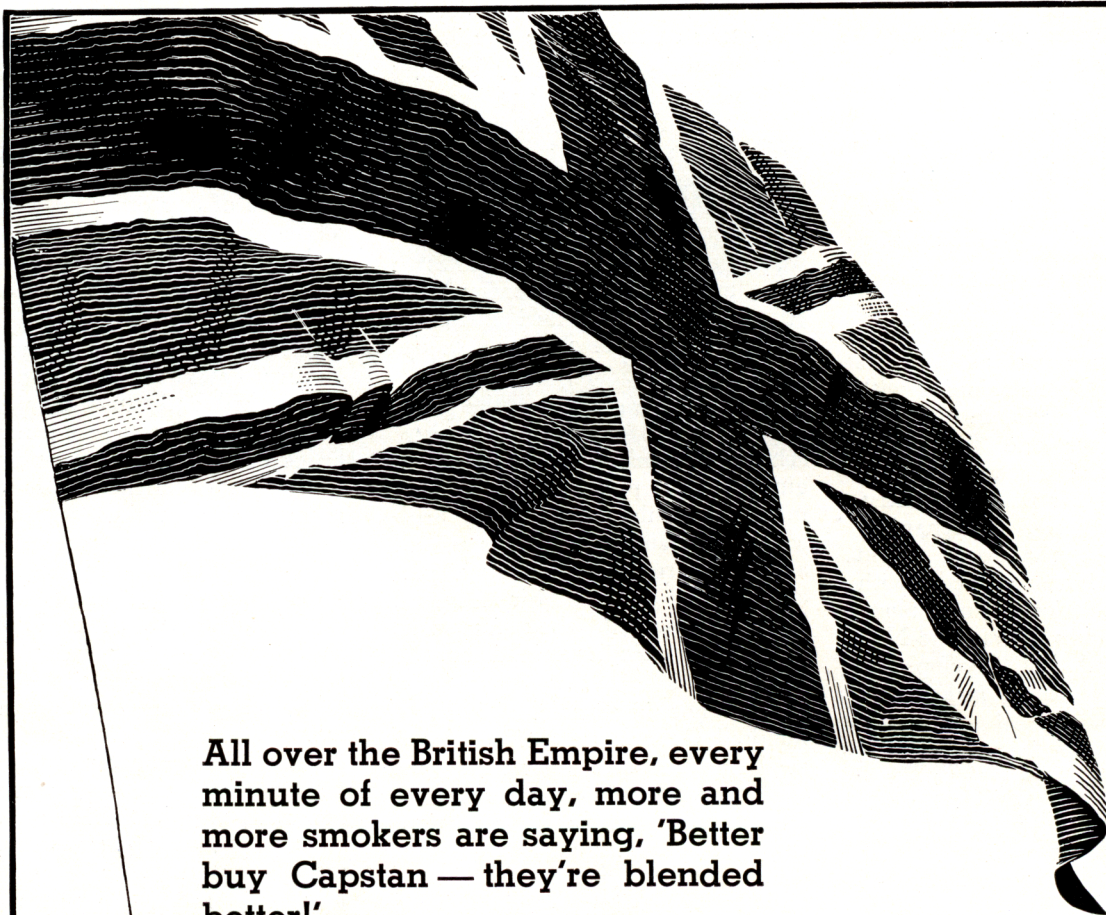
From the moment that the young German enters the armed forces, he is watched and studied by special personnel officers, picked for their knack of recognising officer material. I had an experience with one of them some years ago at a training camp near Potsdam. At one end of a field was a platoon of riflemen. Each man was to cross the field, taking advantage of every bit of natural cover—rocks, trees, ditches. The officer made a mark against the "drill record" of every man who exposed himself too long to an "enemy" sharpshooter. The man who received the least marks was rewarded with extra leave.

The officer pointed out one man. "Watch him," he said. "He has a brain, and he's using it. See how precise his rushes are." After the exercise was over, Private Schmidt was summoned. The officer asked him questions. How did he like his gun? Did he think camouflaged uniforms would help soldiers crossing a field under these conditions? Schmidt's answers made sense. The next day he was a corporal.

Schmidt was given a small squad to teach. His men learned to cross that field and throw grenades at an imaginary machine-gun nest faster than the squads of his fellow corporals. And in a few more weeks, Schmidt was a sergeant. Two months later he was sent to a military academy to study for a commission. A year later he was a lieutenant. That was in 1938. The last I heard of him, almost a year ago, he had just become a major at the age of 30, and received the Iron Cross, First Class, for particularly able leadership of his men under fire.

(Continued on Page 15.)





All over the British Empire, every minute of every day, more and more smokers are saying, 'Better buy Capstan — they're blended better!'

# Time for a *Red* CAPSTAN



Capstan Special Mild .....	Red Packs
Capstan Medium .....	Blue Packs
Capstan Full Strength ..	Brown Packs



## The Brain-power of Hitler's Army

(Continued from Page 13.)

Schmidt's case is not unusual. He was not a very earnest Nazi, he had no influential friends. But he did have military ability.

Another time, for one whole day, I watched umpires passing judgment as one captain after another led his company against a group of farm buildings in which two machine guns and a considerable enemy force were supposedly hidden. The precision and speed with which the captain brought his men into position, his choice of method, his control over the company decided whether he was to go up a grade or not. The next day, I saw engineer officers being tried out on bridging operations, panzer commanders being tested on their approach against fortifications. One of the latter steered his column into an area where even I, a layman, knew he would have been blasted into dust. I saw the umpire's entry on his drill card—"unfit for command."

Three years before the war broke out, I saw regimental commanders being picked up for the mechanised force of the Munich command. In a confusion that was as close to real war as could be made, the candidates had to run off a "break-through" which was an exact rehearsal of what happened three years later in Flanders. The air was black with 'planes, and woe to any officer who left his tanks or trucks standing in the open without camouflage. A bomber would rake road or field with small sacks of flour mixed with coloured glue which left ineradicable marks in the vehicles they hit. And a mark would go down on the drill card of the commander whose men had been negligent. There were 15 men up for colonelcies; eight made it.

One of the judges indiscreetly told me later: "If a man cannot recognise the absolute necessity of co-operation between air and ground forces, he's out as far as we're concerned."

I suggested that army tradition would make it difficult for an officer of one branch to ask urgently for help from another. He answered, "Probably the greatest achievement of this army is that we have forgotten that we are infantrymen, or

artillerymen, or engineers, or airmen. We are a team. You, an American, should understand the advantages of that." I understood. But when I tried to pass on the information to responsible quarters, I was told that the idea was preposterous.

Long before an officer has reached colonelcy, his drill cards, efficiency records, and special knowledge record tell the Personnel Bureau of the War Ministry whether he has qualifications that might be useful to the General Staff. There is no such waste of human material as in our army, where a man with the most detailed knowledge of France and Germany may remain indefinitely a corporal in an obscure army post. In Germany such a man is examined, and if found competent he is immediately transferred to that post in which he may be of greatest use.

Every year the War Ministry gives all officers a chance to write "prize theses" on a number of military subjects. They are graded by General Staff officers whom the High Command picks for their open-mindedness. Some ideas have come out of these essays that any other Brass Hats would have thrown into the wastebasket — such as the landing of troops by gliders, which was still being derided in America as a visionary scheme when the Germans were preparing to do it successfully in Crete.

When an officer writes an unusual "study," the Personnel Division gets out his record. He may be a specialist — suited to the development of anti-aircraft artillery — or he may be a potential Three-Dimensional commander. If the latter, he is started on Halder's curriculum; first through the branches of the army that he does not know, then into the Luftwaffe, and finally into the navy, before he becomes a general possibly at the age of 45.

The training of men who do not qualify for advancement is specialised, until each is letter-perfect in his particular function. The combat engineers who attacked the Belgian fortress of Eben Emael — key to the defence of the Albert Canal — had rehearsed that assault for

months on a replica of the fort built in East Prussia. Day after day, Stukas laid down a "barrage," while the engineers advanced under cover of smoke to set T.N.T. charges with long poles in the embrasures and to place flame throwers in position. When the actual attack was executed, the Germans moved with a precision that seemed "like second nature." It was.

In 1939 I saw German soldiers practising with tanks in the Black Forest. That was in preparation for the advance through the Ardennes, which the French General Staff considered impossible. The mechanised columns in that drill were at it for hours at a time, day after day. The men used to come back completely exhausted. "Have you ever been in a tank for six hours?" one of them asked me. I said I never had. "Well, don't, ever!" was his answer, and five minutes later he was sound asleep. I saw him some months later, and he was able to take six hours in a tank in his stride.

Not a moment of the German soldier's day is wasted. Clerical labour, kitchen police, manual work around the post are done by a civilian-military corps of men unfit for combat duty. Every day the German soldier goes through "standard practice." A hand grenade is thrown at him, which he must pick up and throw back as quickly as possible. He must advance through a wood and fire from the hip at a target which is suddenly raised in his path. He must be able to throw himself into a shell hole without breaking a leg. He must practise getting through entanglement without letting his helmet clank against the barbed wire. "The casualties in the last war from ignorance," a German staff officer once told me, "were much too high. We shall cut them down by 75 per cent. this time." The figures of the Battle of France seem to confirm that.

The German shock troops which beat back Wavell's advance in North Africa were first trained for two months in Libya under actual desert conditions. Before leaving Germany, each man was given sun-lamp treatments to acclimate his skin to the African sun.

These examples of efficiency should be a grim warning for our

(Continued on Page 16.)



## The Brain-power of Hitler's Army

(Continued from Page 15.)

War Department. Possible operations against German-held bases in West Africa, against German-dominated section of Latin America where Nazi troops may be landed by the huge transport 'planes now rolling off the production lines in the Reich, will be successful only with the closest co-operation and training of all of our forces. The bombing 'planes which destroy enemy air bases and cover the landing of our troops, the naval vessels which convoy our transports, the dive-bombers, and tanks which break through what fortification the Germans may have been able to build all must be operated in unison by a supreme command that completely understands the function of each.

Many a ranking officer in the War and Navy Departments still can't forget that he is a "cavalryman," "infantryman," or "battleship man"; still thinks in terms of his own branch, as though war were a rivalry between services instead of a closely integrated effort of all. It is still impossible for our armoured corps to get sufficient airplane support to practise the necessary co-ordination of tanks and dive-bombers. Despite the fact that the army air corps has finally been given a place on the General Staff equal to the other military arms, it is still frowned on by many of the Brass Hats, and will probably be relegated to a minor role in the forthcoming summer manoeuvres.

The War Department now has the pick of our young men to make into officers. Since our youth is more intelligent than the Nazis, we could improve vastly on the German system. If we fail to do that, we may have to pay a terrible price in blood, sweat and tears.

(Stationed in Berlin as Central European Correspondent of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate from 1932 to 1937, Mr. Sondern watched the development of the new German army during the period of its hardest training. He attended manoeuvres regularly, talked often with officers and men, and saw at first-hand what the Germans were doing.) — "Readers Digest."

## That Book "Ulysses"!

(Continued from Page 9.)

life was exaggerated, and that Joyce had magnified the mysterious materiality of the universe."

No wonder I was out of my depth in trying to understand what Mr. Joyce was driving at. Anyway, this review with subsequent discussion created a demand for it. The price for the first edition was roughly £3, but with a keener demand the price went to £5 in London, and in America where it was banned, the demand was very keen. Several editions have since been published, and four of them are in the Victorian Public Library in Melbourne, one is the French edition translated by a young French poet named Auguste Morel.

Personally, Joyce was apparently a very charming man. As is generally known, he suffered greatly with his eyes, having to undergo many operations. Huddleston says he had an extraordinary good reading voice, with perfect articulation, with musical intonation, with ever changing mimicry. When in the mood he will sing, to his own accompaniment, satirical music-hall songs of his own composition for his friends. His son, George has a good voice, but his contributions were in a more classical vein. His daughter, Lucia, a pretty light-footed girl, with a talent for dancing. Mrs. Joyce, a charming, motherly Irish woman, does not pretend to understand her husband's work, being satisfied to listen to his stories told in the Irish idiom, which Joyce occasionally affects.

"Here is one of the most perplexing problems of literature," writes Huddleston, "it is impossible to pronounce upon it without a deep comprehension of life and a vast knowledge of literature. What is the purpose of art? How far should censorship—if censorship should exist at all—be allowed to interfere with the artist? It is a problem not to be solved by purity crusaders, or for that matter, by artists themselves."

Well Mr. Huddleston, so far as we in Australia are concerned, the question has been settled for us. Anyone caught selling a copy of "Ulysses" will be punished with "boiling oil" or something.

## Sam Browne—His Belt

(Continued from Page 11.)

somewhat like a hammock. Unless held in the left hand, it banged noisily about and was apt to swing between the legs and trip up its wearer like a croquet wicket. Of course, an officer holding a dangling sword almost horizontal with studied nonchalance and a straight left arm was a swaggering martial sight, but thus equipped he took up more than his share of traffic space. Determined to end such nonsense, Colonel Sam Browne devised the belt which bears his name and triced up a scabbard against the left hip parallel with the left leg. Now he could draw his sword with his good right arm.

The Sam Browne belt was as useful to two-armed officers on field service as to the maimed. No longer were they in peril of tripping over their scabbards, and their left hands were free. The belt became standard for British officers on active service.

By the late Seventies Major Gen. Sir Sam Browne advanced further in rank and fame, and when he retired and went home to an England which he had seen only when a schoolboy, he was promoted to be a full general and the jewelled Star of India glittered among his other decorations. He made his home on the Isle of Wight, where the Queen he had served all his life was also spending most of her last days. He attended her funeral, and then, a few weeks later, with a band playing the Dead March from "Saul" and a charger with Sam Browne's boots reversed in the saddle stirrups following the flag-draped coffin, the old Indian fighter was buried in an island churchyard.

If Nazi bombers over London have not yet made rubble out of the East India United Service Club in St. James's Square, Sam Browne's portrait hangs on the wall—a painting of a fine old soldier with an empty left sleeve pinned to his tunic a la Nelson. His white hair is closely cropped; above a grizzled white beard is a big, generous nose and the friendly fearless eyes of a sportsman. In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral is a modest little memorial tablet to Sir Sam.

—"The New York Times."



## MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

## CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

### FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Established 1830.

SERVICE WITH  
ECONOMY.

DAY AND NIGHT  
SERVICE.

OXFORD STREET  
TAYLOR SQUARE  
DARLINGHURST.

Phones: FL 4136-7-8

C. H. W. KINSELA, Governing Director.

## J. T. HACKETT

### ALEX. WILLIAMS

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

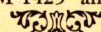
Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

J. Hackett, Sydney. Cable Address: "HACKWILL," Sydney.

Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.



## W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.  
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

## *There's a Reason for it!*

The demand for up-to-date well-printed Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have  
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

## Ross Brothers Pty. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1862.

*Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers*

545.547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)



ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALY IMPORTED

HOUSE  
Whisky

*(Highland Nectar)*

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision  
of the Commonwealth Customs

*The Quality Never Varies*